A COOL SUBJECT.

How Ice Is Manufactured--An Interesting Description.

A Young Industry That Is Gaining Huge Proportions.

[Lewis, in Detroit Free Press.]

Take the worst mud-puddle along the highway and when it freezes up the ice will be as clear as that cut from the river. Haven't you often wondered at this? Wouldn't it seem reasonable to expect the ice to be the same color as the water? Why isn't it?

That's the keynote of my subject. Dame Nature has some very curious ways, my boy, and this is one of them. In summer she helps that mud-puddle to render itself offensive to the eye and the nose—in winter she alone purifies it. When her cold, frosty fingers begin to dabble in the waters of the sloughs and ponds and bayous she begins to purify. As the freezing process is carried on the water is refined, and when the ice comes you see it clean and transparent. Nature may not be able to squeeze out all the weeds and sticks from this pond of ice, but it would surprise you to see what she does cast aside in the process of purification.

The first hint of how to make artificial ice must have come from a man who had closely studied Nature's ways. Before the war all the ice used in the South was shipped from the North, and it had a ready sale at $3 per 100 pounds. Many ships were engaged in the trade, loading the ice on the New England coast and delivering it at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Galveston and other points. Much of this ice was naturally lost in the handling, and the high price made it an article of luxury. The invention of a process by which ice could be turned out in large quantities at very low rates was, therefore, hailed with great satisfaction. There is not now a city of any size in the South without its manufactory, and ice can be had at retail for $1 to $1.50 per 100 pounds. No Northern ice can find a market except along the seaboard. I have seen, on three different occasions, lumps of Northern ice and cakes of artificial ice placed side by side in the sun, and in each instance the artificial lasted much the longest.

And now as to the manufacture: There are two processes, but we will take the simplest, which is called the ammonia process. The building may be an old barn or rough shed, and the engine of from ten to twenty horse-power. As I saw the operation in a Georgia town they pumped their water from a canal, and it was too muddy for a fish to live in. Fill a barrel with it to stand over night and there would be two inches of mud in the bottom of the barrel next morning.

The water is first pumped into a large condenser, and is there purified and passed to condenser number two. It is again purified, and is then pumped into the baths. Each bath is a huge, square bin, provided with apertures for holding ninety-six tin molds. These molds are sixteen inches long, eight wide and four thick, and are open at the top. Each can, when filled with water, is placed in the bin in a compartment by itself, and a large lid shuts down over all. As the water reaches the molds it is so clear and transparent that you could easily perceive a grain of sand at the bottom of the can. Through the bins and around the cans ammonia gas is constantly circulating in pipes, and salt water is churned about and kept in constant motion by means of paddles worked by machinery.

It takes seventy pounds of salt to make a "bath" for three bins holding 288 molds, and it is renewed once a week. One barrel of ammonia will last a small factory like the one I am describing about ten days.

Let the factory start with all the molds full of water, and it is only about half an hour before the men begin to take out ice. The molds are lifted out of the bin and carried to a vat of hot water and dipped. This loosens the ice, and it is flung on a table. Each cake weighs twenty pounds, and three of them are placed together to freeze solid. This makes a cake sixteen inches long, twelve inches thick, and twenty-four inches wide. It is so perfectly clear that it reflects your image like a glass, and you can read newspaper print through three feet of it.

There is the engine pumping up the muddy water at one end of the old building, and the men handling the purest, nicest ice you ever saw at the other, while between them are only a few tanks and pipes. It seems wonderful, doesn't it?

In summer it is a common thing in New Orleans and other Southern cities to see blocks of artificial ice in the windows of restaurants with quail, rabbit and other game frozen in them. One who does not understand that it is artificial ice is fain to wonder how on earth the articles got in there.

And in connection with this ice question I want to drop a hint to the farmer boys of the North. There is hardly a farm in any county on which a fish pond cannot be made. You want clean, cold water to feed it. If the inlet is a creek you must arrange matters in such a way that, during high water, when the water is muddy, it can be diverted from the pond. A flume or race, or pipe from the creek to the pond can be closed up any time.

Perch, bass, mullet, suckers, bull-heads, pike and other varieties will live and thrive in a pond on the farm, and in time the farm will have fish to sell at the nearest market. There is amusement, recreation and profit all in one, and when winter comes this same pond will yield all the ice wanted at the farm house during the summer. There are many of these fish-ponds in the South, and the owners are making big money from the sale of fish alone. I have seen them fed by a pipe running from a windmill and a tank a long way off, and again by a flume leading off a creek. Any natural sink or basin will make the lake if you can get water enough, and the fish should be fed now and then with bread crumbs. The farmer's boy who will go into this will have more sport than in hunting and more profit than in selling eggs.

LOVE.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for Sorrow's blight,
For pain's despair and Death's funeral pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was man's first pursuit and life's excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and you—
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?

—[Ella Wheeler.

THE BEACH FARM.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES

"And serve him right!" said Mrs. Wynhart, grimly.

"Oh, mother?" pleaded Winifred, who was a fair-haired, cherry-lipped girl, always hanging down her head like a wild anemone, "don't talk in that way, please?"

"Mother's right enough," said Luella. "Why shouldn't I talk that way?" said Mrs. Wynhart. "It's the gospel truth, ain't it? Jack Jelliffe was a wild fellow, always careering around the country when he'd ought to be at home reading his 'Notes on the Chatechiz.'"

"But, mother," ventured Winifred, "you let him come here to see Luella, when you supposed he was old Squire Sandiman's heir."

"I couldn't put him out doors, could I?" retorted Mrs. Wynhart severely. "Besides, that's quite a different thing. Squire Sandiman ought to know his own nephews better than any one else, and he's left all his money to Simeon, while Jack has only got the Beach Farm, where there's nothing on earth but seaweed and samphire, and long clams, to be had!"

"It's an unjust will!" said Winifred, reddening to the very roots of her flaxen hair.

"Hoity-toity!" said Mrs. Wynhart, wheeling suddenly around and regarding Winifred sarcastically through the moon-like spheres of her big silver spectacles. "What business was it of yours, I'd like to know? He never will be Luella's husband now!"

"There never was an engagement," said Luella, cavalierly, "Of course a girl must amuse herself; but I didn't care for him."

Winifred looked up with her soft eyes brimming over with tears. Was there no such thing, she asked herself, as truth and loyalty in the world? Why did they all turn against him in this way, just when his uncle's will had so cruelly disappointed him?

So Mrs. Wynhart and Luella went to the "Weekly Chorus of Song," where Deacon Thorney led the tunes very much through his nose, and Miss Betsey Boxfield labored after, on a leaky melodeon which wheezed audibly at every note, and Winifred remained behind to darn the stockings and put her twin-brothers to bed.

It was the way in which matters were always decided in the Wynhart household. Winifred was quite used to it, and never dreamed of making an appeal.

But while she sat there all alone, with the twins snoring up stairs, and the fire crackling on the hearth, and the golden March moon climbing the sky, there came a tap at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Jack Jelliffe himself.

"Oh, Jack!" said Winifred, jumping up with a slight scream.

"Yes, it's I," said Jack, somewhat moodily. "I just met your mother and sister. They wouldn't speak to me."

"Wouldn't speak to you, Jack?"

"Pretended not to know me, until I spoke. It's all the same. Winifred, you don't believe it, do you?" he burst out, abruptly.

"That I am wild and worthless—that I deserved the slight my uncle has put upon me."

"No, Jack," earnestly responded Winifred, with tears in her eyes, "I never believed it! Because we were playmates together, and you were always, oh, so good to me! And besides, Jack, I hoped—I thought you might one day be my brother."

"I liked Luella well enough" said the young man, slowly, "but it wasn't she that I wished to make my wife. It was you, Winifred!"

"I!" cried the girl.

"I loved you, Winifred," said Jelliffe, in a faltering voice. "Whenever I dreamed of a home of my own, it was your face I fancied beside my hearth; but now—"

"Well," said Winifred, "now—"

"I don't dare to ask any girl to be my wife. I couldn't expect any girl to go to the bleak loneliness of the Beach Farm, with its acres of sea-grass and shingly sand, and its old, one-storied house, all leaning to one side with the east wind."

Winifred looked at him with soft, glittering eyes.

"Jack," said she, "I don't mind the loneliness nor the east winds, if—if only you love me! I'd risk it all, if—"

"Winifred! Do you really mean it?"

And she answered, blushing beautifully:

"Yes, Jack."

"You'll risk it all, Winifred, for my sake?"

And she said it again:

"Yes, Jack."

Great was the tumult and displeasure in the Wynhart family when it was discovered that Winifred had engaged herself to Jack Jelliffe.

"If it had been Simeon, now," croaked Mrs. Wynhart, "I shouldn't have so much objected."

"But I didn't love Simeon, mother," said Winifred.

"Love!" repeated Luella, angrily. "Bah! I've no patience with such sentimental trash; and if Winifred is really determined to go to the Beach Farm, she must make up her mind to separate herself from us!"

"Oh, Luella!"

"Luella is right," said Mrs. Wynhart. "I never expected to see a child of mine deliberately turn pauper."

Winifred, soft and yielding though she was in other matters, was most true and loyal to Jack Jelliffe, in spite of the vehement opposition she met with from her family.

So matters stood, one bloomy, blowy April evening, when Winifred went out under the crimsoning maples of the woods to meet Jack Jelliffe. For Mrs Wynhart had made herself so obtrusively disagreeable that all hopes of pleasant evenings by the fireside were abandoned. Jack Jelliffe was there before her.

"Well, lassie," he exclaimed, joyously, as she came up, "I've been waiting for you this half-hour! And I thought you never were coming!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Wynhart was cutting out little cloth waist-coats for the twins, by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp, when the door opened, and Winifred came in, leaning on—Jack's arm!

She glared at them over her spectacle-rims with most ungracious eyes.

"Mother," said Winifred, in a low voice, "we have something to tell you. Jack has sold the Beach Farm—"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Wynhart: "And you are expecting to come here to live, are you? But you can't!"

"To the city of Sandport," went on Winifred, as if her mother had not spoken—"for a sea-side park. And they have paid him twenty thousand dollars for it."

"Twenty—thousand—dollars!" gasped Mrs. Wynhart. "For a hundred acres of barren sea sand! It ain't true—I don't believe it!"

"And," added valiant Jack, "we have bought Doctor Bailey's farm, with the stone-house, and I can give her a home at least as good as the one I take her from."

"As good as you take her from! I should think so!" ejaculated Mrs. Wynhart, remembering with regret that all this golden prize might have been Luelia's. "Squire Bailey's stone house! With a bay-window and double-parlors, and blinds to every window! Well! Only Winifred, I hope you'll not be too set up to speak to your mother and sister when you've moved there?"

"There's no danger of it," said Winifred laughing almost hysterically—for, brave as she had been in the face of trouble, good fortune took her almost by surprise. "But oh, mother, if you'll only kiss me, and say that you're glad I'm going to be so happy—if you'll only do that!"

And Mrs. Wynhart did so, from the bottom of her heart. Neither was it an act of hypocrisy. For Winifred engaged to a man worth twenty thousand dollars was a different sort of girl from Winifred who had resolved to marry a pauper.

Squire Sandiman's will was so different from the way in which people generally had interpreted it. Simeon, with his five thousand dollars in cash, was all very well—but the Beach Farm had sold for four times that amount, and the disinherited nephew had become the hero of the day. How was Squire Sandiman to have foreseen all this?

But Winifred cared little for all that. She had loved Jack before, and she loved him now. It was nice to be married at home, in a new white dress, with Luella to arrange her hair, and she was glad that all liked Jack so much. But she loved him—nothing else mattered much—she loved him, and that was enough.

SHADOW LOVE.

Shadow love and shadow kisses,
Life of shadows, wondrous strange;
Shall all hours be sweet as this is,
Silly darling, safe from change?

All things that we clasp and cherish
Pass like dreams we may not keep—
Human hearts forget and perish,
Human eyes must fall asleep.

—[From Heine's Poems.

A Connubial Retort.

[New York Graphic.]

They were having a heated argument. He said:

"Stop your quarreling. People will think we are crazy."

"No they won't, dear," she replied. "They will think one of us is crazy."

"Ah!" he responded, "there's your egotism again."

A KISS OF YE OLDEN TYME.

"Ye pleasure of ye lovers' kyse,
When hearts are in attune,
I think I go not far amyss
In calling Heaven's boon;
Ye lipps mix up in sweet embrace,
Ye eyes do popp and flash,
Ye noses madly interlace,
Then comes the final crash.

—New Orleans Item.

Legal Lore.

Babbett Irving was recently examined, at Galveston, for a license to practice law.

"In order to constitute a last will what is essential?" asked the lawyer who was questioning the applicant.

"A corpse and some property is all that is necessary," was the reply.

Was Not Interested.

[Detroit Free Press.]

He rang the door-bell of a house on Cass avenue and when the owner himself opened the door handed him a sealed envelope.

"Recipe for the cholera," he said in a brisk jerky voice, "only twenty-five cents."

"But my dear sir, I don't want it," said the citizen drawing back. "I haven't any use for it. Cholera is something we never indulge in."

"Take it, and I'll throw in the celebrated treatise by the great Doctor O—— 'How the cholera travels,' in book form."

"My friend," said the Cass avenue man gently but firmly, "I don't care a contienntal how the cholera travels—whether it is in book form, on a steam yacht or in a palace car. What I particularly desire just now is to see you travel; ta-ta!"

The agent took the hint and his departure at the same moment.

An Honest Customer.

[Alta California.]

There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearney street, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe set-back. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store, and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for eight dollars yesterday?"

"Never dakes back anythings ven vonce solt, my friendt," said the handme-downer.

"Oh, that's all right. I just wanted to soy that I found this $500 bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of gorse he vil—he has call alreadty, my tear friendt," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You ish von honish man. Here, I gif you feefty tollar ash a revard. Dot vil be all right." When the honest customer got around the corner he murmured softly, "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before that fellow tumbles to counterfeit. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' around these parts, and that's a fact."

The Curiosity of City and Country People.

[R. J. Burdette in Philadelphia Times.]

There is a very ancient belief, and I do not know where or how ever it originated that people who live in the country are characterized, among their other very ridiculous and peculiar traits, by a devouring curiosity that is entirely unknown in the city.

Part of this is true. Just about one-half of it. That portion referring to the country. Undoubtedly the villager is most intensely interested in the affairs of his neighbor. Undoubtedly, also, his neighbor, with extravagant wariness, takes heed unto the villager. But that the villager or the farmer possesses this trait or quality of curiosity in any degree more than his cousin in the city is an open question,

The villager, it is true, walks down Chestnut street or Broadway, back to the street, face to the show-windows, mouth agape, perhaps and eyes wide open. Even so do I. Roughly, carelessly and sometimes rudely is the villager jostled and pushed as he stands in the way by the incurious city man to whom all this is old and stale. But further down the street a cluster of twenty men impede the way. Now there are fifty, now the startled rustic beholds upward of 180 men crowding about some object in the street. All city men, messengers, salesmen, brokers, clerks, students, artists, literary men, gentlemen of leisure, one or two dudes, possibly a tramp or two—all the tramps are city men. The villager forgets the windows in his greater attraction; he hurries on, eager to see the fight, the murder, the suicide, whatever the unusual horror may be, that has power to gather in one close mass 200 or more busy and incurious city men. He elbows his way through the dense mass and, heart-broken with disappointment, sees three men digging a small hole in the ground to find a leak in a gas main. Something the villager wouldn't cross the street to see. He is the first man to edge his way out of that crowd.

Again, Rusticus beholds another crowd, larger and more excited than the first. Again he runs to see, and lo! the banker, the broker, the clerk and the preacher by the score and the hundred, gather about a horse that has slipped on the pavement and fallen in his harness. Short time does Rusticus linger at that attraction. He has seen horses fall before and he knows how to get them to their feet without sending for a policeman.

When you have made up your mind that all curiosity stops west of Fifty-second street, stroll down Chestnut street some day when they are hoisting a safe into a second-story window. You will see people fifty-two years old, who were born in Philadelphia, staring in the air as though for the first and last time since this old globe swung into space a safe was to be suspended between the sidewalk and the second story. The villager might stare at a balloon until it sailed out of sight, but when he comes to town he has no time to waste on safe-hoisting.

THE GAMBLING RAGE.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Among the many anecdotes which make up for doubtfulness of foundation by their excellence of invention is one which relates the history of a visit paid to a great Wall street operater by an humble admirer and distant imitator on the other side. It had occurred to the ingenious English speculator that the industries of the bull and bear might be plied with greater profit to their practitioners on either Atlantic shore, if an Englishman and an American were to work in concert. He accordingly at once hastened to New York, and having obtained an interview with Mr. G. or Mr. V., or some other letter of the alphabet, it matters not, when he proceeded to lay before that magnate the details of his scheme of concerted financial action. Mr. X. heard him out with the most patient and courteous attention, and expressed his high approval of the ingenuity of his visitor's plan. He saw, he said, but one obstacle to its inventor's securing the co operation which he had crossed the ocean to seek, and that was that "in America we never speculate." Humbled and abashed, the English tempter withdrew from the great man's presence, and so awakening was the rebuke thus administered him that, if report may be trusted he on reaching his native land immediately retired from his questionable business and devoted the remainder of his days to meditation and charitable works.

If this or anything like it ever happened the reply of Mr. X. was most likely only a mere sally of dry national humor. But it would have been quite legitimate to have uttered it by way of amicably exaggerated protest against a poular English notion of the American character. Almost everything transatlantic is on a larger than the European scale, and the element of magnitude gets to founded with that of number. America produces bigger operations than Europe just as nature has endowed her with broader rivers and vaster plains. Larger fortunes are made and lost here by the methods of speculation and with a greater rapidity of both processes than is the case on the other side of the Atlantic.

WOMEN WHO SPECULATE.

The descriptions of the "ladies' room" at Chicago in which fair speculators assembled daily to "plunge on bacon," were, of course, embellished with many details conceived rather in the artistic than the historic spirit. Pen and ink sketches of the fascinating female gamblers, waiting with pale cheeks and trembling lips in expectation of a "boom" in lard, offers too strong a temptation to the picturesque reporter to be resisted. The British paterfamilias, himself perhaps a perpetual gambler in "Brighton A's" or some other violently elastic stock on the London market, would shake his head solemnly over proofs of so widespread a demoralization, and invite his wife and daughters to consider what can be in store for a Nation in which the "very women speculate." Probably he knows, however, or if he had any acquaintance with a certain class of English society he would know, that the Chicago lady gamblers have their counterparts in his own country.

An accomodating fraternity of stock and share dealers in Capel Court have always been ready to supply not only their country men, but their country women, with abundant facilities for gracefully losing their money, and, from the time when the purchase by the English Government of the Suez Canal shares and the war which shortly afterward succeeded it gave stimulus to cupidity, by the sight of the rapid and extreme fluctuation in the value of certain securities which these events brought about, the female "bull"—if the physiological paradox may be forgiven—has become not, indeed, a common phenomenon in England.

THE ENGLISH TASTE FOR GAMBLING.

The British Puritan forgets in these happy moments of self approving virtue, that there is no country in the world in which one-hundredth part as much money changes hands every year in wagers on the fleetness of a horse's feet; and that, of late years, it must be said too that there is none in which the practice of wagering on horse races has filtered down to a comparatively humble a stratum of the population. The fortunes that have been made within quite a recent date by certain of the cheap sporting newspapers afford significant not to say ominous, testimony to the extent to which the taste for this pastime—one, be it observed, in which no large portion of a community can profitably participate except by means of gambling—has developed among all classes of English society.

But betting upon horse-races is not the only form of speculation which has gained ground of late years in England. Members of the Stock Exchange have much to say concerning a certain new departure in their own business, and, indeed, on that point the advertising columns of the London newspapers tell their own tale. The racing "tipster" will soon be "nowhere" by the side of the disinterested gentlemen who undertake to guide Credulity to Fortune by a path warranted to keep clear of the precipice of Risk. On this latter point they are all of them confident. Only let an intending speculator send them "cover" to a certain amount—as broker's security, of course, against possible loss at the game at which it is impossible to lose—and they will pledge themselves to return him £100 for every sovereign, £1,000 for every £10, and so on in proportion. It is true that there is a little disagreement between the single operators and those who style themselves promoters of the formation of syndicates—the two competitors for the dupe's patronage indignantly describing each other's operations, no doubt with perfect truth, in each case, as certain to result in loss. This estimate of the intelligences to which they believe themselves to be appealing is so humorously indicated by the remark of one advertiser to the effect that he is often asked by clients whether buying and selling the same stock at the same time would not be a remunerative operation. He would be glad, he continues, with admirable command of gravity, to give detailed reasons, but will only say now that it invariably ends in losses.

SHARPS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

Nothing could be more impregnable than the proposition that to pay half-a-crown per cent for the privilege of transferring a certain sum of money from one pocket to the other "invariably ends in losses;" but the client who should require "detailed reasons" in support of this proposition before accepting it must closely resemble that person whose head inspired Charlie Lamb with so irrepressible a desire to feel it. Undoubtedly his financial adviser has read his intellectual character more accurately than any phrenologist; but he is probably only a fair sample of those whom from advertisements of this kind extract money. The really and unpleasantly interesting part of the matter is that the number of these persons must be very considerable, or otherwise the "Stock Exchange 'tipster'" could not thrive; that thrive he does seems manifest though from the multiplication of his advertisements. A year or two ago there was not such a thing to be seen among the business announcements of our newspapers; now they fill whole columns with the explanations of their systems and promises of the profit which they hold out, and new names seem to make their appearance every week. From the success and development of this new industry—discouraged as it is, it must be remembered, by the more orthodox members of the Stock Exchange, who regard it partly as unprofessional touting and partly as calculated to inspire a not quite unmerited distrust in their own methods of business—it is impossible not to draw inferences highly unfavorable to any Pharisaic comparison of England with other nations in the matter of gambling. The probability is that one nation is very much like another in this respect, and that England, if no better, is no worse than her neighbors. The fragile fabric of which her house is built is not so very conspicuous that any one need call attention to it on its own account, but then she should leave off throwing stones.